

Angel's fear

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28316964) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28316964>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Pirates of the Caribbean (Movies)
Relationship:	Armando Salazar/Jack Sparrow
Character:	Armando Salazar , Jack Sparrow
Additional Tags:	One-Sided Attraction , Wings , Young Jack Sparrow , Winged Jack Sparrow
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-25 Words: 690

Angel's fear

by [IntrovertWithCaffeine](#)

Summary

El Matador Del Mar meets the angel who leads him to his doom.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

At the height of his power, with the last of the pirate ships sinking to the bottom of the misty depths, Capitan Armando Salazar lips twisted up into a grim smile. Suffocating plumes of smoke rose from the ships' remains and clouded the air in a thick haze while agonized screams tore through the breeze. The Spaniard held no mercy in his stone heart for pirate scum. As the sound slowly diminished and was reduced to nothing, victory, pride and satisfaction swelled in his chest. The whoosh of air and the beat of wings startled him out of his thoughts as he glanced up to see the silhouette of a bird lashing its wings through the heavy smoke. When his vision cleared, he could see that no – it was not a bird, but an angel. An angel adorned with the largest, most beautiful wings he had ever seen; it soared overhead, but swerved sharply and caught his eyes, revealing the face of a young boy in the midst of those entrancing feathers. The boy grinned, flapped his wings, and fitted towards another ship that was emerging through the rising cloud – a pirate ship, Armando sneered. Who was this boy? Why was this stunning birdie trailing *that* ship? Why was this angel consorting with pirates? It was then that the Spaniard noted the ragged clothes adorning the boy, the sun kissed face of an experienced sailor and the sword at his waist. Peering through his telescope he realised that the captivating angel was not a prisoner, but a pirate himself.

Still intoxicated by his imminent victory, Salazar ordered his men to follow his pirate angel – but not shoot, because he wanted to capture the boy like he had ensnared his mind. *The Silent Mary* chased the pirate ship through a crimson ocean and they came close enough to see the elegant scrawl adorning the back of the ship. She was called *The Wicked Wench* ; Salazar would have no

qualms watching her drown as the pirates that infested her were plunged into a watery grave. The birdie did a mocking swoop, daring to fly closer and taunt Salazar's gunmen; the insolent words he chirped ignited a fiery rage within him.

"If you surrender, I'll let you live."

Armado smiled a cruel, vicious smile, because he could see the fear that danced in his angels eyes when he flew past. He would cage this birdie, and clip its wings, and just like that, *the trap snapped shut*. Further he tempted fate, diving closer and closer each time until Salazar could see each detail of the warm brown wings, patterns of orange and black colliding closer to the tips. They reminded him of a little sparrow, the ones that he saw often in the gardens of Spain. Dreadlocks with intriguing trinkets woven into the strands swayed with every graceful spin through the air; for a heartbeat, his mischievous smile flickered out when he met El Matador Del Mar's ruthless gaze.

This time, his birdie didn't return and instead landed aboard the careering pirate ship and took the helm. His wings flared out behind him as he took control of the ship. Armando couldn't look away from him, his angel, who had come to him today as a gift for his triumph. So enthralled, that he didn't notice the snare being laid before his eyes. The bait was set but Armando could only see his prize. It was too late to escape, and *the trap snapped shut*.

The last thing he saw before he entered the haunting maws of the devil's triangle was his birdie's wings, flashing like molten gold under the sun, and his proud, frivolous saunter as he stared defiantly into the captain's eyes. And for a moment, it was just a flash, Armando could see the eyes of a fearful sparrow that danced away from his reaching grip; he remembered the overwhelming, intoxicating power he felt when he clasped it in his hands and *squeezed*. The pirate stumbled.

"Jack!" the scum cheered for his angel – his undoing.

Jack the Sparrow.

Then Armando was consumed by darkness and agony.

The trap snapped shut.

End Notes

I appreciate any likes and comments, hope you enjoyed this <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!